

At Your Assistance

Posted originally on the [Archive of Our Own](http://archiveofourown.org/works/38999661) at <http://archiveofourown.org/works/38999661>.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	F/M
Fandom:	Harry Potter - J. K. Rowling
Relationship:	Hermione Granger/Teddy Lupin
Characters:	Teddy Lupin , Hermione Granger
Additional Tags:	Infidelity , Cross-Generation Relationship , Age Difference , Oral Sex , Porn with Feelings , Minister for Magic Hermione Granger , Older Woman/Younger Man , Minor Hermione Granger/Ron Weasley , Minor Lavender Brown/Ron Weasley , Metamorphagus Teddy Lupin
Language:	English
Collections:	Next Gen Fest 2022 , Hermione's Haven Bingo 2022
Stats:	Published: 2022-06-21 Words: 6,931 Chapters: 1/1

At Your Assistance

by [nightfalltwen](#)

Summary

A marriage crumbling and a sudden attraction to her handsome personal assistant. Hermione doesn't want to cross that line with Teddy, but then she does.

Notes

written for the 2022 HP NextGen Fest.

Also written for **Hermione's Haven Bingo** square: G5 - Infidelity

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)



"And that concludes the review of the Department of Magical Law Enforcement budget from the previous year and our requests for the coming one." Auror Hinkley said, shuffling his papers and waving his wand at the raised projection screen behind him. The slide projector began packing itself away with another wand wave and the cabinet members, who were gathered in the stuffy room, began to stir restlessly.

The presentation had been very... detailed.

Hermione stretched her back and tried not to look as if most of her attention had been diverted to the ever growing ladder in her black tights. She'd spotted the snagged hole on her knee just as she'd taken her seat, her skirt riding high enough to expose it. She didn't remember her tights having a hole before she'd left in the morning, but she had been paying attention to so many other things that it was understandable that such a small detail would have slipped past.

Clearing her throat, she looked at the members of her cabinet, pushing out a tight smile. "Motion to approve the department budget?"

Macmillan shot up his hand. "Seconded."

Hermione asked for a vote and not a single person raised their hand against it. Not that she blamed any of them. Who would want to be the one to disapprove of a budget for the Aurors who risked their lives to keep the wizarding world safe? She thought it silly though. The DMLE, of course, needed a healthy budget, but so did other departments and there weren't as many dark wizards to chase as there used to be. The money that came into the ministry could be redistributed differently.

But no one wanted to be the Minister that defunded the auror department to leave British wizards vulnerable. Least of all her.

Signing off on the voted budget, Hermione stamped the official Minister for Magic seal beside her name and passed the approved file to a clerk.

"I thought I was going to have to kick your ankle to keep you awake," Teddy said wryly, running his hands through his hair and letting it turn from brown to turquoise.

This was a normal occurrence, post cabinet meetings. Normally Teddy went the way of conservative and plain and returned it to what he considered 'normal' once they were done. Hermione had never said anything about whatever he chose for his hair; she rather liked the shock of colour in the office, but she understood why he did it. Her cabinet was slowly starting to change demographics as the senior wizards retired, but there were still a few older, and rather grumpy, members who grumbled under their heavy moustaches about how 'unprofessional' the Minister's assistant was. In the end, when it was just the two of them, Teddy always returned to bright teal or sometimes a pink that was reminiscent of his mother and Hermione was glad that he did. It felt special and just for her.

Hermione had never thought Teddy (Edward to everyone else because it was, again, 'more professional') would seek employment after Hogwarts with the Ministry of Magic. But he'd shown up the morning NEWT results had mailed out with his letter and a sly smile that was more fitting on the face of a Slytherin instead of a Hufflepuff. Of course Hermione had known the results before he even handed her the letter. Students who achieved ten outstanding NEWT results were sent a special certificate signed by the Minister for Magic and Teddy had been one of those students. But with all that talent and smarts, instead of choosing any of the careers that would have been available to him, he'd applied for her open assistant position instead.

If Harry was disappointed in his talented godson taking on such a menial career, he never said anything at the holiday table. And Hermione did try to encourage Teddy to aim higher, but he'd declined. Secretly she was glad he did. She liked having him around.

"What's next on the schedule?" Hermione asked, rising from her chair and began to start adjusting her skirt to hide the hole in her tights.

Teddy pointed his wand and suddenly a leather-bound ledger was flying into the room and into his hands. He caught it deftly and in the next beat had turned to flick a spell at her leg. Hermione looked down and saw the ladder in her tights repair itself and the hole seal up. A flush stained her cheeks and she silently scolded herself for not thinking of it sooner. He flipped the pages of the planner open.

"You have a meeting with the Diagon Alley Business Association immediately following your lunch to discuss their plans at expanding the alley into the neighbouring street. And the St Mungo's Auxiliary has sent another invitation to their fundraising luncheon on Saturday."

"I simply can't go this year. It's the same day as Albus' first quidditch game and I already promised Harry that I would go with him and Ginny." Hermione sighed, rubbing her temples. The demands on her time as Minister were always battling with the things she wished to do as a parent, or an aunt, or a friend.

A grin appeared on Teddy's face. "Which is why I already responded that you were committed to another obligation, but that your devilishly handsome assistant would attend as your proxy."

Hermione gave him a look. "Did you really say devilishly handsome?"

Teddy laughed. "No, but it's implied. Those auxiliary ladies will be pudding in my hand and you know it."

Shaking her head, a smile appearing on her face, Hermione stepped over to where Teddy stood, having a look at the agenda. She pointed to the few meetings scheduled after the Diagon Business association. "Could you cancel those? I'd like to surprise my husband with an early night tonight."

Without saying a word, Teddy took his quill and drew a line through the other meetings, with notations to reschedule and then gave her a little salute before leaving the room. She didn't have to ask where he was going. She knew he was already penning memos to those who had

been on the schedule to advise them of the change in plans. It wasn't the best way to run her schedule, but she'd been home late almost every night that week, missing dinner and finding that Ron was already in bed. It wasn't an ideal situation and she really needed to look at adjusting her work/life balance.

Just so many things demanded her attention, it was hard to do just that.

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The best part of the Leaky Cauldron, Teddy thought, was that no change in ownership brought about a change in decor or mood. The old pub was still as dark as ever and just as smokey. The latter came from the enormous fireplace located against the wall near the entrance to Diagon instead of pipes and cigarettes as Hannah Longbottom had chosen to follow the letter of the muggle smoking laws and hadn't allowed it for well over a decade. Teddy didn't mind. The whole thing was a nasty habit anyway and he'd much rather pick up a pretty girl that didn't smell like an ashtray.

"Doth my very eyes deceive me?" Jacob Davies called out from a table with a whoop.
"Edward Lupin out at the pub *early* on a Friday night?"

Teddy paused at the bar and ordered a pint before heading over to Jacob's table, flicking two fingers up at him as he sat down. Not that his friend was wrong. It had been a good six weeks since he'd had a Friday evening free and he hoped to enjoy it most thoroughly. It wasn't that he resented all the extra work, of course. His paycheque certainly didn't mind it in the slightest. But he did miss bumming around the pub with his friends and flirting with any of the girls who were out and about.

"Minister Weasley loosened the leash on you?" Jacob asked, taking a long pull from the bottle he had sitting in front of him. "I'm surprised you even remembered where the Leaky was located."

"Oh fuck off. Arse," Teddy said with a snort and pointed to the dart board. "Go put us down for a round or two."

"Do you even remember how to play?" Jacob got up from his chair, jumping to the side when Teddy sent a carefully aimed *incendio* at his feet.

"No fire in the pub!" Hannah scolded from the bar. "Don't think that just because Harry's your godfather I won't hand down a ban, Edward Lupin." She wagged her finger at the pair.

"Sorry, Mrs Longbottom," Teddy said, looking properly admonished, shooting Jacob a glare at Jacob who had tried hiding a laugh behind his drink only to fail miserably. "Wanker," Teddy hissed at him.

"But one who is going to kick your arse enough at darts to have his drinks paid for all night," Jacob said cheekily and signalled to Hannah for another.

The pair of them wandered over to the dart boards, waiting for one to free up and then settled in to play. To his word, Jacob trounced Teddy in no less than four separate rounds. Had he not

already known that the boards were heavily warded with the same anti-cheating spells that exams were warded with (less brawling that way), he would have sworn that Jacob was being a sneak. But it wasn't the case and his friend was right. All the weeks he had brushed off pub nights with his friends had made his aim rusty.

"I need to take a piss," announced Jacob, setting down his most recent empty and tallying up the score. "Gotta make room for the next round."

Shaking his head as his friend sauntered off, albeit a bit wobbly of a saunter, Teddy stepped aside for a pair of witches who had been waiting for the board and went over to the bar to put in another order. He handed over a good helping of coins to cover the tab and a healthy tip before picking up the bottles. As he turned, though, a figure tucked away in a booth near the kitchen door caught his eye. He frowned and set down the drinks, leaving them on the counter and stepping closer to the hidden table.

Hermione's head was propped against her arm and she blinked at him as he came into view. Just based on her rather cloudy expression, he could tell that she'd had a lot to drink and even if he'd not been all that observant, there was a rather large bottle of *Ogden's* on the table that had a sizable dent in the contents. He hadn't even known that a single person could actually put away that much on their own. He was actually impressed.

"Hermione?" he asked and without hesitating, cast a few mild spells around the table to hide her from sight. The last thing she needed was headlines that she had to explain. Even if it was her off time.

"I'm drinking," she said, reaching for the bottle.

"I can see that," he said, glancing over his shoulder to see if Jacob had returned from the loo. "Seems like a lot for one person. Would you like me to summon the Knight Bus?"

"I can't go home." She sniffled and did the most un-Hermione-like thing, wiping her sleeve across her runny nose like a small girl. "I don't want to look at the disaster that is my marriage right now."

Teddy blinked. Without answering, he went over to the bar and asked Hannah for a sobering potion for himself. She passed one over and he drank it down. He scribbled a note of apology for Jacob on the back of a napkin and left it with the two bottles of beer he'd just purchased. There were about a thousand questions that were running through his head and he knew that there was no possible way that she could, or even wanted to, answer them in her current state. So he did what any good assistant would do and assisted her.

The next moment they were standing in the modest flat that Granny Andromeda had passed to him before she'd moved to Costa Del Sol, Spain to fully enjoy her retirement. Keeping his arm around Hermione, he led her to the bedroom and sat her down on the bed before hurrying to the kitchen for a glass of water and a few paracetamol tablets. When he returned to the room, he found her curled on her side and asleep, so he left the water and tablets on the table beside the bed and flicked off the lights.

He could help her better in the morning.



Turning the wrong way on the bed, Hermione hit her head against the wall it was up against, startling herself awake. She sat up suddenly, disoriented at the unfamiliar surroundings and began to feel frantically for her wand. Her hand bumped against a nightstand in the dark and she gave her aching head a little bit of a shake, trying to figure out where she was. To her great relief the nightstand also had a lamp and she fumbled around until she found the switch, wincing as the light filled the room.

Surprised, she spotted the tablets and the glass of water and quite suddenly she could feel the cotton-like dryness in her throat. She grasped the cup and drank down the water, leaving the unfamiliar tablet before looking down at herself. Her clothes, although rumpled from sleeping, looked completely in place and outside of being in a room she didn't recognise, she seemed to be not in immediate danger.

Even her wand was still tucked away in the little pocket of her trousers.

Sliding off the bed, Hermione crept to the door and then out into the small hallway. She didn't dare light her wand as she moved and once out into the main living space, she felt weight lift when she was met with a familiar face.

Sprawled on the sofa, Teddy snored lightly, his arm hanging off the side and hand resting on the floor. Hermione watched for a moment. She hadn't ever seen him asleep in such a long time, not since he was small, and was surprised to notice that his hair still shifted colour in his dreams. With every flick of his eyes beneath his eyelids, his hair went from purple to teal and then to green and a bright yellow that didn't suit at all. She smiled and briefly entertained the idea of finding a way to take a photo for teasing purposes later. Unfortunately, she didn't have a camera and she doubted that he had one readily available either.

With a small snort, he shifted and the blanket draped across his torso slid even more onto the floor.

Hermione sucked in a breath. The scant amount of light coming in from whatever streetlights were beyond the windows cast shadows across Teddy's bare chest in all the places that completely and utterly defined the shape of his torso. She blinked, having not realised just how fit he was and she couldn't stop her gaze from travelling lower over his abdomen to the line of hair that started just below his navel. And she wondered if he moved again would more of that hair be exposed? She tilted her head, her gaze drifting back up to his face.

Then through her, obviously still intoxicated brain (because what else could it be?), she realized she was staring at Teddy and contemplating how attractive he really was and how his lips were the perfect balance of plump and full and her mouth had gone dry and oh sweet lord she shouldn't be thinking any of this!

With a panicked gulp, she hurried toward the door and once she had silenced the locks, she twisted them and let herself out. Closing and locking the door behind her with a quick spell, she fled the building and although she knew better than to apparate while inebriated, she risked it and popped herself home.

And straight into the shower.

A long, cold shower.



She was avoiding him.

Normally Teddy wasn't all that worried when a woman was avoiding him. However when said woman happened to be the reason he had a job and managing all of her appointments and tasks were the basis of that job, it was a bit on the frustrating side. Every time he approached her door, she seemed to be elsewhere in the ministry. It was that or she sent him on tasks that took him to another department for the day. He hadn't seen her for nearly the entire work week and by Thursday he was to the point where he thought a little deception would be excusable.

"Sorry to keep you waiting, Bert," Hermione said, rushing into the office with her arms full of paper. "Troublesome lift." She pushed out a smile and sat down at her desk. The moment her bum hit the seat, the smile disappeared from her face as she watched Bert's face change, the wrinkles disappear and the hair shift from tufts of grey to teal blue curls.

"Teddy, you shouldn't be impersonating others in the ministry," she chided, looking down at her papers.

"I wouldn't have to, but you keep refusing to see me and that's making my job harder than it ought to be," Teddy tugged at the sleeves of his jacket, shrugging off the thing and pulling out his wand to send it out the door and to his desk. He would have to return it to the real Bert by the end of the day. "If you're cross about what happened last Friday.."

"Nothing happened!" she interrupted with a squeak that he wasn't even sure he'd ever heard from her before.

"I brought you to my flat and then you were gone in the morning." He watched her as he spoke, trying to suss out why she was appearing so flustered and wouldn't meet his eyes. "Is this about what you said at the pub?" he asked slowly. Hermione looked at him sharply, her mouth hanging open before she snapped it closed and he could actually hear her teeth clack together. He leaned forward in his seat and reached out to touch her hand with his, frowning when she snatched it away and put both into her lap. "I'm not going to say anything to anyone about what might be going on with your husband, if that's what you're worried about. I'd be a shite assistant if I did."

There was something in her expression that crumpled and she covered her face with her hands. "I told you?"

"You said you didn't want to go home to the disaster that is your marriage," he replied quietly. "I didn't ask for elaboration."

She looked almost relieved, which was odd, but he said nothing. They sat there for a long moment before she got up from her seat and started running her wand over the door, casting

stronger secretive and anti-eavesdropping charms over everything before turning to him. Then she told him about what had brought her to the pub that night. She told him about going home early. About finding an open bottle of wine and two glasses and neither one of them poured for her. She told him about the closed door upstairs, about the sounds coming from inside, about the quiet moans and the names being called out. She hadn't walked in on Ron and Lavender to catch them *in flagrante delicto*, nor had there been a public meltdown, but she now knew.

It had been so long since he'd been angry about her busy minister schedule. She ought to have seen it coming.

"That definitely called for a stiff drink," Teddy said, rubbing the back of his neck. "Want me to ask the DMLE to have him posted out in Cornwall for the foreseeable future?"

"No. I don't want to have to explain. You can't tell *anyone*," she warned. "Especially Harry. Ron and I... we'll just figure it out. The kids are at school and I'm in Rose's room..." She ran her fingers through her hair and the curls that had been carefully coiled in neat little rows started to frizz.

Teddy got to his feet and came around to her side of the desk, touching a hand to her shoulder. "Thanks for explaining... Whatever you need assistance on, I'm here. World's best personal assistant and all."



His lips travelled down her neck to the dip of her clavicle. She expected the kisses to press against her sternum but his lips engulfed one nipple, tugging and rolling it between teeth that stayed gentle. She moaned at the sensation and arched her back, wanting the what he was doing to her to turn hard and frantic, but instead his fingertips danced over the opposite nipple, mimicking his teeth but with the same gentle touch. Her thighs rubbed together, achingly trying to create some kind of desperate pressure, but falling short.

Then his mouth was on her, hands pushing her thighs apart and those clever lips finding her clit with shocking precision. God, she *liked* that he knew what he was doing. And it felt good. It felt so good. Pushing herself up on her elbows, she reached down and threaded her fingers through his soft hair, letting out a sigh at the silky texture of the teal strands that wove around her fingertips. Teal. He had teal hair. Not red.

Teddy looked up at her and a wicked grin passed over his face. "I can assist with a lot of things."

Hermione woke up with a start, sitting up and clutching the blanket to her chest. She pressed the heel of one hand to the bridge of her nose and drew in a shaking breath. The inappropriate dreams had been plaguing her for the last couple of weeks and she wasn't sure how much more of it she was going to be able to take. Her sleep was wearing thin and every time Teddy was in her office all she could do was think about what her dreams had made him do to her the night before.

Flopping back, she stared up at the ceiling. Her skin buzzed and her whole body felt wound tight.

With a frustrated sigh, she got up and made her way to the bathroom. With the door locked and sealed behind her, Hermione turned on the shower. Cold showers had lost their impact, so she made the water warm and shrugged out of her housecoat and nightgown, perching on the edge of the tub as the water ran down over her knees and swirled around her feet. Steam quickly filled the small room and the overhead fan's sensor caught on, whirring to life.

Parting her legs, Hermione let her fingertips drift down over the soft part of her stomach and then through the curls of hair at the apex of her thighs. She was wet. She had been since she woke. Her fingertips slipped easily over the flesh until she was circling her clit, imagining her index was the tip of a tongue, any tongue, bringing out the shivers. With a breath catching in her throat and a hand towel pressed firmly to her lips, Hermione frantically rubbed at her clit until her whole body shook with the force of her orgasm.

And the name that she cried out against the towel wasn't her husband's.

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Teddy pushed open the heavy door that had stayed closed more than it had stayed open over the last few weeks. Hermione looked up from her desk and at least she'd had the decency to look uncomfortable. He tossed the crumpled memo down on her desk and then pointed his wand at the door, knocking it closed with a thump. Automatic silencing wards, that were meant to keep prying ears and little animagus beetle eyes away from important ministry business, went up and the room became more muffled. He pointed at the memo. It fluttered like an injured bird, the residual magic that had flown it into his hands still keeping it moving despite the wrinkled corners.

"Magical Games and Sports? I mean, I'll get into the whole you sending me a memo instead of giving me the news face to face in a moment... You're transferring me?"

"It's in desperate need of someone competent to help with organisation," she said, not looking at him. "Minister Clatching could use someone of your talents."

"Minister Clatching is an old fart who won't change his ways for anyone. The man still uses an ear horn for fuck's sake! He's not going to want to listen to any changes I suggest, let alone adapt to something more streamlined, because that's 'not how it's always done' and you know it."

"Teddy please, don't make this difficult."

"You're making this difficult, Hermione!" Teddy could feel the roots of his hair grow warm and he suspected that it was shifting from blue to a heated red. "I don't want to work in another department and I'd really like to know what it is that I've done that has made you flip-flop like this."

"It's not anything you've done!" She threw down her quill. "It's just better this way." She got up from her seat and walked around the desk, heading for the door.

"Better for who?" Teddy demanded, his hair fully red now. It wasn't often that his mother's temper came out, but when it did, it always manifested in colour. He caught her arm before he'd even realised that he was reaching for it and she turned, looking at him.

"Better for you! Teddy, you have so much potential and sitting on that as my assistant isn't getting you anywhere."

"I don't want to go anywhere!"

"But I need you to!" Her voice was thin and almost desperate as she wrenched her arm from his grip.

"But why?"

"Because if you don't go, I won't be able to get you out of my head and I'm going to end up doing something inappropriate that everyone will hate me for!" She covered her mouth with her hands, eyes wide, obviously unhappy that she'd said all of that aloud.

All at once his anger subsided and was replaced with something else that he had been refusing to acknowledge. He took a small step toward her, but when she stepped back from him, he paused and looked down at the floor for a moment. He heard Hermione suck in a slow breath and when his gaze lifted to her face again, she was pointing at the door.

"Please leave. I need you to not be here right now," she said.

This time he didn't argue.

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Her office clock, on the wall between the two windows that didn't actually look to the outside, chimed and Hermione looked up from the report on Centaur movements around Hogwarts and their declining population. Half past midnight. She closed the folder and rubbed her back, knowing that she would regret having sat at her desk for this long, but also knowing that she had done it on purpose to avoid going home. If she went home she would have to think about what she'd said to Teddy and she'd have to spend another night in Rose's room and she'd have to toss and turn and hope that sleep wouldn't bring yet another arousing dream.

But it was late and staying overnight in her office was something she had long since outgrown, so she pointed her wand at the candles that were still flickering in their sconces and packed up her purse before heading to the lift.

Cleaning staff had already been across this level and the floors gleamed in the dim light of the corridor. A memory of the kids racing over the floors in their sock feet the first year she'd been Minister floated to the front of Hermione's head and she felt a ghost of a smile pull at her lips. If only things could be that easy once again, she thought, letting out a deep breath. She pressed the call button and shuffled her purse around to get her coat over her shoulder while she waited. A soft ding and the door slid open.

"Can we talk?"

Hermione jumped at the voice, almost stumbling backwards into the lift as she turned. She clutched a hand to her chest. "Teddy, what on earth are you still doing here so late?"

"I'm still your assistant. You weren't leaving, so I stayed in case you needed something." He pulled at the tie around his neck, loosening it more than it had already been loosened. "And I wanted to talk."

Before she could step back off, the door closed and Teddy pressed the button that would take them down to the Atrium level. She fumbled with the zipper on her purse and watched the numbers change as they moved. "There's nothing to talk about," she said finally. "My husband is having an affair and I'm feeling all out of sorts and having all these inappropriate thoughts and all these dreams of you that will surely go away once there's some distance. I don't want to.... It's a line I can't cross."

"Why?"

She gave him an incredulous look. "*Why?* You're my employee. Not only would that be unethical and break so many harassment rules, but you're also Harry's godson and if I were to do something and he found out? I'd never be able to be his friend again. Not to mention, your age. And my age. Good heaven's, it's absolutely ludicrous that I'm even having all these thoughts about you. I shouldn't be thinking about you. I shouldn't be dreaming about you. I shouldn't even be telling you all of this. But I am telling you because I suppose I owe you some kind of explanation even though I really don't want to give it to you and... what are you..."

She was about to ask what he was doing, but she could obviously see what he was doing. He was pressing the stop button and the lift came to a jerky halt somewhere between levels.

And before she could say anything else, he had stepped up to her and pressed his mouth against hers.

For a moment, a very brief moment, Hermione sagged. She'd dreamt of this kiss a number of times and never in any of the restless nights she'd spent in Rose's bed did she ever imagine it would feel like this. His mouth moved across hers in a way that was familiar but also new and the tip of his tongue, that clever tongue that had been the centre of her dreams drew a line across the seam of her lips, almost begging for them to part. A soft sound caught in the back of her throat and she acquiesced. Her purse slid to the floor and hit her foot with enough force that she jerked back and out of his grasp, suddenly realising what she was doing and where she was and the fact that this was decidedly *not* a dream. Slapping her hand against the lift buttons, she started the car again, staring at him with wide eyes and when the door opened, she pushed past him and hurried toward the hall of fireplaces.

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He shouldn't have kissed her.

He'd known it was a terrible decision from the moment he'd made it. But all of the words that tumbled out of her mouth just seemed to cause something inside of him to snap. It brought him right back to his first days as her assistant when he'd had that first bit of a crush but had managed to push it all aside. He'd thought that his easy banter with her had just been that, easy banter and whatever feelings he'd thought he'd had were just part of all that. But then she'd been talking and whatever he'd kept hidden for so long had just flared up in a surprising tangle of heat and emotions.

And wanting to kiss her.

So he had.

And then she'd run away. Because he shouldn't have done it. He really and truly did deserve the transfer now.

"Fuck," he muttered and tossed his cloak over the small sofa and paced the tiny space of his flat before turning to the kitchen sink and almost violently turning the faucet. He splashed cold water against his face and dunked his head under the running stream right as he heard a soft knock at his door.

Without so much as a second thought to how late it was, with water dripping down over his shoulders, Teddy crossed the space and pulled open the door.

Hermione looked as if she had just wandered about for the last hour instead of going anywhere. Her purse was still slung over her shoulder, looking as heavy as it had been back at the ministry. Curls had fallen out of the loose bun she'd attempted, hanging fuzzily around her cheeks. She looked as if she wanted to speak, but no words came out of her open mouth. Instead she just stared at him before giving her head a little shake.

Teddy answered it with a shrug and held out his hand to her.

"Would it help if I quit?" he asked.

"It wouldn't change the other things," she said finally.

"Hang the other things."

Before she could respond, he stepped across the threshold, cupping her face between his hands and kissing her. This time there were no voices in his head telling him that he shouldn't be doing this. He didn't care about the shoulds or the shouldn'ts.

A few moments passed with her just standing there, unmoving and unresponsive, and he felt himself falter at the decision he'd just made. But then she moved. She stepped closer and her hands moved from gripping her own arms to pressing against his chest and she began to kiss him back. Somewhere between kisses, they managed to stumble back into his flat and the door somehow managed to get kicked shut.

Her purse dropped to the floor.

Her coat ended up on the floor between his bedroom and the bath.

"I'm too old for you," she said softly, tilting her head as he kissed the spot between her ear and neck.

"Stop trying to discourage me," he said, teeth catching on the skin. He lifted his head and looked at her. "I can make myself look older if you want," his lips curved and he let his hair shift to a sandy brown streaked with grey that he'd always imagined his father to have.

"Looking and being are two different things," she said.

"Maybe I don't care," Teddy replied, his hair losing the grey and returning to the flashy blue it had once been. He pulled her into his arms and slid his hands down her back, pressing her close until she could feel how much her presence was affecting him. "Maybe I don't care and maybe I just want you as you are and maybe I've always wanted you but I've been really good at pretending that I don't."

She sucked in a breath. "You haven't..."

"I certainly have."

He looked at her and then let his hand drift down to the little fastening at the base of her spine, popping the button and then tugging at the zipper of her skirt. When she didn't push him away, he pulled it down all the way and then lightly tugged at the fabric until it fell to her feet. Next was the blouse, joining the skirt on the floor and not wanting her to feel like she was the only one losing clothing, he quickly shucked his own shirt and trousers.

Part of him wanted to just vanish everything and toss her back onto the bed, but Vicky had always been so cross when he'd vanished her clothes because she'd never been able to get them back. Plus the idea of slowly peeling the bra and knickers off Hermione appealed to him on such a primal level that he felt his knees growing soft at the very idea of it.

"Sit," he said, almost commanded, with a strained sort of sound and found himself actually surprised that she listened. He climbed onto the bed next to her. "What kind of dreams?"

A flush rose on her face.

And she didn't have to tell him. He was well familiar with those kinds of dreams.

Smiling, he ran a fingertip over the curve of one of her breasts before tugging the fabric. To his surprise, she pushed him away and sat up, reaching behind herself and unhooking the bra. The straps slipped down her arms and there was a brief hesitation where he could see her debating over whether or not to continue. Then she tossed the garment aside and looked at him.

At the question in his expression she lifted a shoulder. "It won't go back to the right shape if you stretch it like that."

Teddy couldn't stop the laugh that bubbled up and he smiled at her. "Good to know."

Before she could respond with anything else he cupped his hands over her bare breasts and lowered his mouth to one dark nipple. She gasped in surprise and clutched at his damp hair

and Teddy could have sworn he heard her whisper something about it being better than she'd dreamed. His pride, among other things, swelled just a little bit more and he skimmed a hand down over her hip, squeezing at the flesh of her backside before tugging at the one side of her knickers.

She lifted her hips and the bit of fabric was soon gone and her legs shifted, curling away from him as if she was trying to hide herself.

He lifted his head and looked at her. "If you don't want to keep going..."

"It's not that," she said quickly. "I'm just... I thought it was just my imagination that made me so..." she paused, looking flustered before taking his hand and guiding it between her legs. "See?"

Teddy's eyes almost crossed and he had to bite hard on the inside of his cheek. She was so *wet* and he hadn't noticed the intoxicating aroma of her until just then. Now it was all he could smell and all he wanted to smell and god he just wanted to bury his face against her. He wanted to lose himself in her flesh and taste every inch of her.

Which he did.

Pushing her thighs apart, he replaced his fingers with his mouth. It wasn't the first time he'd used his mouth on a woman and he was always grateful for having that early relationship with Victoire. Somehow she had been such a good teacher, showing him all the ways that he could make her quake. And those skills were coming to great use as his probing tongue found Hermione's clit. The sound that came out of her just as his tongue circled around it was quite possibly the most desirable thing he had ever heard in his life and he wanted to make it happen over and over again.

Scooping his arms under her thighs, he held her legs. A low moan caught in her throat and she clutched at his hair as his lips formed a seal around her clit, his tongue running back and forth. Her lower body tried to squirm but he held her tight. She begged. She tried to move away. She pushed her hips close. She told him to suck. She told him harder. Faster. More. *More!*

She came with an almost guttural cry, gripping at the top of his headboard and arching her back. Teddy didn't wait for it to subside. He wanted to feel her quake around him. Quickly he shifted onto his knees and nudged her legs apart, before guiding himself into her until he was buried deep in her pulsing warm cunt. She rolled her hips up against him and one leg lifted to hook over his hip.

Her hands came to his shoulders and then one touched his cheek until he opened his eyes and looked down at her, leaning in for a kiss.

She whispered against his mouth. "Don't be gentle."

A smile curved his lips. "Whatever you want," he said, drawing his hips back and thrusting hard against her until both she and the bedsprings groaned. "I'm at your assistance."



Did she have regrets over letting him fuck her? A few.

Would she do it again? She already had. Enough times that the night had gone from ink black to the dove grey of dawn. On the floor when the bed grew too noisy. On the sofa when the floor became too uncomfortable. She'd let him bring her to orgasm with that clever tongue of his more times than she could count. She'd shown him that despite her years she was still just as talented with her own tongue and the noises of surprise that he'd made with her mouth around his length had been rather entertaining.

She watched him sleep now and alone with her thoughts the little niggling regrets returned.

She'd have to face all of that once they were both awake.

But not now.

She could wait until sunrise.

At least until then.

End Notes

This work is a part of the HP Next Gen Fest, celebrating all Harry Potter Next Generation characters and pairings. The creators will be revealed on July 15th, 2022. Please check out the [event tumblr](#) for more information and be sure to follow along to catch all of the incredible creations we have lined up for this series!

Be sure to leave the creator love if you enjoyed their work! Thank you!

Please [drop by the Archive and comment](#) to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!